

The Critic

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Literature

An English Encyclopædia of Music *

ONLY the index to Grove's Dictionary of Music remains to be published, and the world will have the whole result of the first effort ever made to supply English readers—or, better, readers of English—with a comprehensive encyclopædia of music. The fourth volume is before us. The fact that the completed work occupies four volumes instead of two, as originally contemplated, and that the last 300 pages are given up to an Appendix in which a new editor (Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, successor of Dr. Hueffer as music reviewer for the *London Times*) seeks to make good the deficiencies of the earlier volumes, justifies at least a brief estimate of the work as a whole. Mr. Maitland brings Sir George Grove into court, and the indictment which he publishes against him is both voluminous and damaging. True the proceeding is entirely amicable, and since Sir George invited Mr. Maitland to bring the action, the Appendix may be looked upon as being at once an arraignment and a plea in extenuation. An editor who is so willing to confess that he has followed the devices and desires of his own heart, left undone those things which he ought to have done and done those things which he ought not to have done, as fully, frankly, and freely as Sir George does, by implication at least, spikes some of the guns of criticism and challenges gentleness of judgment from the rest. There can be no question of his honesty of purpose and dignity of aim. But though the Appendix makes so good a plea for pardon, it also seems to emphasize the defects in the work. A multitude of the corrections and additions bear witness to the editors' vague conception of their mission.

When Sir George Grove planned the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' he associated with himself some of the ablest writers on musical subjects that Europe had to boast. The names of Sir Julius Benedict, Gustave Choquet, W. H. Cummings, Ferdinand Hiller, A. J. Hipkins, Francis Hueffer, Dr. Rimbault, Alexander W. Thayer, C. F. Pohl and Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley come to mind as being concerned with the Dictionary in its early parts, and this list was wisely augmented as the work proceeded. Dr. Spitta, Adolphe Jullien and Signor Mazzucato did good service in behalf of German, French and Italian composers; and as the end was neared, Mr. F. H. Jenks, of whose labors in behalf of music in the United States we had had a few furtive glimpses, seemed to have received a little wider latitude. English insularity had, till then, put a restriction on him which seemed peculiarly unfair in view of the warmth of favor which had been extended to the work in this country. On the whole, the contributors compared favorably in learning, literary skill and earnestness with the men who had collaborated on Mendel's 'Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon,' the monumental German work which obviously prompted the English undertaking. But the German editors were inspired by a different ideal than their English im-

itators. Dr. Mendel and, after his death, August Reissmann proceeded on the theory that musical culture had reached a stage in Germany which made an encyclopædia of the art in its scientific, artistic and historical aspects a necessity. There was no dearth of handbooks in Germany as in England, and the things which assumed the first importance in the eyes of the German editors was to submit to a critical sifting the vast amount of frivolous and amateurish writing which was passing for lexicographical material in Germany. All intelligence which had but a transient interest was eschewed as unworthy of a work designed to be a repository of all that was lastingly significant concerning the theory, practice and history of music.

Sir George Grove had a fresher, indeed almost a virgin field. No one would have blamed him if he had relaxed some of the scientific rigidity which characterizes Mendel, had appealed to a wider class by popularizing the style of his Dictionary, and had touched the patriotic chord by paying greater attention to points in English history. He might have laid the foundations on different lines, so long as he had due regard that the superstructure should be symmetrical and stand as a monument to music instead of to narrow notions and petty vanities touching the art. But if Sir George started with a definite and carefully evolved plan, his work speedily outgrew it, and the fault was his. Into the principal subjects which he reserved for himself, he plunged not only with wonderful energy and enthusiasm, but also without regard to the demands of symmetry and just proportion. He produced some essays which (like the article on Beethoven) in spite of a few errors of fact, generally of small moment, are among the best specimens of such writings that the literature of music has to show. Many other articles in the four volumes rest on the same high plane; but when it comes to a study of the whole work, a comparison of the spirit and matter of the various essays and critical notes for the purpose of assigning their subjects and facts to the places they occupy in musical history, one is confounded by the laxity of critical judgment displayed. English composerlings, whose influence on the art has not been a whit greater than that of the old ballad singers of Vauxhall, monopolize pages, while paragraphs are denied to Continental musicians whose works, as well as their names, survive. One notes with amazement that names like Boito, Benoit, Bottesini, Bull, Delibes, Dvorák, Dufay, César Franck, Franco of Cologne, Guido d'Arezzo, to say nothing of nearly all the names that figure in the development of musical culture on this side of the Atlantic, appear for the first time in the Appendix.

As to the values of facts they, seem to have been determined from the point of view occupied by a local writer on a provincial English newspaper. Has a singer sung in London? The fact must be recorded. Has a German composer lived in England, or mayhap been a guest of the Queen? If so, those two circumstances outmeasure in importance any number of theoretical books or operas written in the Fatherland. One can scarcely repress a smile of pity at the judgment displayed by the writer who sets down a concert and a performance of 'Fidelio' in London by Mme. Lilli Lehmann, and has nothing to say of her development from the florid singer of the Court Opera in Berlin into one of the first living representatives of Wagner's tragic heroines. That development took place in New York. A narrow horizon has confined these lexicographers. Their true mission is to write current news-notes for daily journals. In fact, the great fault of the writers of Grove's Dictionary, of which even the distinguished editor can not be acquitted, is their inability to distinguish between the standard set by an encyclopædia and the requirements of current literature.

This inability has not only warped their judgment as to the value of facts, but also encouraged indifference to correctness in statement. We open the book and find a long addition in the Appendix to the original article on Liszt, containing an account of his death. Liszt returned again

* A Dictionary of Music and Musicians (A.D. 1450-1889). Edited by Sir George Grove. Vol. IV., with Appendix edited by J. A. F. Maitland. \$6. New York: Macmillan & Co.

[to Bayreuth in July 1886] for the performance of "Parsifal," on the 23d. He was suffering from a bronchial attack, but the cough for a day or two became less troublesome, and he ventured to attend another play, an exceptionally fine performance of "Tristan," during which the face of Liszt shone full of life and happiness, though his weakness was so great that he had been almost carried to and from the carriage and Mme. Wagner's box. That Liszt's face 'shone full of life and happiness' on this occasion is a pretty statement with which to ornament a eulogistic obituary; it ought not to be sent down to posterity in the pages of an encyclopædia, however, for the simple reason that it is not true. Any person present at the last performance which Liszt attended in Bayreuth a week before his death might have told the editor that Liszt slept throughout the representation, and only waked to cough and utter a few words to his grandchild between the acts. This is not so poetical a tale as the other, which may also be said to be harmless; but truth should be preferred to rhetoric by encyclopædists.

We had not intended to look at the volume before us with the eyes of a faultfinder, and if there has been a pretty prevalent tone of condemnation in the foregoing paragraphs, it is only because in contemplating the work as a whole the sight of much that is excellent and highly creditable to the learning and earnestness of English musicians was temporarily obscured by the errors of judgment which made a most praiseworthy undertaking fall short of the ideal. Even as it stands, it is a work of inestimable value to the music student who is not familiar with French and German, and a revision ought to make it out and out the best encyclopædia of music ever written.

Balzac's "Bureaucracy" and "Seraphita"*

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM could not wish a more timely or a more powerful plea for its triumphant realization than the 'Bureaucracy' of Balzac. Written a generation ago, it is a novel full of the newness and the power of the present time. A glowing question for France in 1830, Civil Service Reform has now become a 'burning' one for America in 1889. Balzac, ever on the alert for new social and political problems to discuss in his vast 'Comédie,' pounced upon this one as a problem very essential to be aired and ventilated if the France of successive 'restorations' was to abide. He saw the government offices swarming with clerks and officials ruled, not by principles of patriotism, but by greedy mistresses rapacious in their demands for money, inexorable in their cry for position. Favoritism was universal. Fitness was a virtue 'fit' only for a garret and a crust of bread. The ministries rioted in abuses of all sorts; the ministers were followed by hordes of creatures to whom they were under 'obligations' for their rank and office. The 'machine' had reached proportions second only to the 'machines' of the Cæsars as revealed by Suetonius or the 'machines' of the Georges as revealed by Junius and Greville. France was overrun by a murrain, a pest, a plague of office-hunting and office-hunters worse than the leprosy of Hawaii, the legacy of generations of custom, neglect, incompetency, revolution. Balzac's quick eye discerned artistic possibilities in the situation; combined with this, ethical motives impelled him to attempt a reform by holding up to the view of millions a huge panoramic object-lesson of themselves as 'in the saddle,' seated on the throne of Charlemagne, carrying on government, dabbling in politics, organizing 'machines,' deifying 'bosses,' creating 'corners,' apotheosizing 'blocks of five,' and generating Tweeds and 'Napoleons of finance.' He seizes a multitude of these humiliating figures and throws them into a mighty *tableau—voilà!* a picture of the France of Louis Philippe, Charles X., Louis XVIII.,—perhaps of the France of Boulanger! Two or three noble faces like that of Rabourdin peep out of the throng of ignoble physi-

ognomies that swallow up the book, fill the foreground, wriggle in the distance, fill every crevice as with human *animalcules*; but these only serve as a foil to the shadow of death that pervades the situation. We have sometimes thought of reform in this country as well-nigh hopeless: let us read this book and take heart, for 'over there' it was so much worse.

In 'Seraphita,' Balzac is on the wing again; not groveling as in 'Bureaucracy,' but soaring, sanguine, transfigured, as in 'Louis Lambert' and 'La Peau de Chagrin.' This time the paper wings of Swedenborgianism buoy him up, as, in 'Louis Lambert' he had floated too near the sun on the waxen wings of transcendental metaphysics and in 'The Magic Skin' reveled on the butterfly wings of fancy. Some one called the Revelation of St. John an ecstasy: the same might be said of 'Seraphita': an ecstatic allegory of the soul, a story of the Third State or the Third Heaven, a trance translated into words, a vision of the saints caught on the fly. The scene is appropriately laid in Norway with its spiritually white landscape, its icy unsensuousness, its filtered air and Alpine altitudes that gleam white as the passionlessness of Seraphita herself—an incarnation of dew and moonshine and Eddic music and memories and prophecies of heaven. Mr. G. F. Parsons labors in 80 pages of introduction to tell us what 'Seraphita' is, the third person in Balzac's trinity of philosophical romances; but it is like analyzing the atmosphere of Indian Summer or the angles of moonbeams or the impalpabilities of perfume: we seem to understand but we do not,—we seem to see but we see not. Balzac catches Swedenborg's noblest ideas and springs them out to incredible fineness,—a mesh of words in which illuminated abstractions hang like dewdrops in a spider's web. The three romances embody the three worlds, the Material, the Spiritual, and the 'Specialist,' through which the pilgrim Soul wanders leaning on the bosom of Love. These wanderings are wrought out into three wonderful poems,—'The Magic Skin' symbol of materialistic joy, 'Louis Lambert' in which the material puts on the radiance of an exquisite *heliotis* shell cleansed by some purging acid, and 'Seraphita' that hangs above the other two as their halo. The dead Raphael, it is related, lay in state beneath his finished work of 'The Transfiguration': in like manner might the dead Balzac have 'Seraphita' as his most ideal mausoleum, his dwelling-place for all generations.

Two Books of Travel*

THE STREAM of travel bids fair to keep pace with the stream of travellers. The time has not only come when the Gospel shall be preached to every nation, but when every nation shall proclaim its own Gospel through the mouths of innumerable pilgrims. It is difficult even to christen the new-born child of travel. What shall it be called? Where shall we find a name for the nameless thing? The usual 'Johns' and 'Sallys' of travel have been used so often that one's peregrinations become flat indeed, unless they are called 'Golden Horns' or 'Aztec Nights' or 'Castilian Days' or 'Holy Hills.' In the present instance we have 'Midnight Sunbeams' (1) and 'Pleasant Hours in Sunny Lands' (2). Both are genial, enthusiastic diaries of doings in many hemispheres, one devoting itself to Scandinavia alone, the other darting about the globe in swallow-flight: both alike ending in a Boston publishing-house, and one at least published by subscription. 'Midnight sunbeams' at such expense may sometimes turn out dearer than ordinary illuminators, and 'pleasant hours' be embittered by the prospect of the *mauvais quart d'heure* ahead when the printer's bill comes in. Still 'men must'—travel, 'and women must work,' and the traveler spins out his yarn all the same. Mr. Kimball's is a useful, well-printed, sensible little book confining itself strictly to its theme—the rare lands where sunbeams glow at midnight. It is more like the old-fashioned books of

* Bureaucracy. Seraphita. By Honoré de Balzac. Tr. by Miss K. P. Wormeley. \$1.50 each. Boston: Roberts Bros.

* 1. Midnight Sunbeams. By Edwin C. Kimball. 2. Pleasant Hours in Sunny Lands. By Isaac N. Lewis. \$1.25 each. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

travel that went about their business soberly, systematically, statistically, and godly; dealing in indispensables and dealing out wares such as are salable in all lands that travellers frequent. Information about hotels, prices, routes and the like abounds in these manuals as it does in Mr. Kimball's. 'Pleasant Hours' is more rhapsodical, episodic, and sentimental—occasionally even ungrammatical (to complete the list of -a/s). Nobody can go all around the globe in a few months without slipping up a little in everything, including grammar, geography, and statistics. If one but get home not absolutely disenchanted with one's native heath—not absolutely ashamed to repeat

I remember, I remember the house where I was born!

Mr. Lewis is not, and he reminds us of it on every page—his thorough 'Americanism' after 35,000 miles of travel; for on him, as he says, the Goddess of Liberty shone with as benignant a countenance on his return as when her electric torch lit him out some months before into unknown seas.

Minor Notices

THE DUKE OF ARGVLL has published a pamphlet entitled 'What is truth?' which will interest many readers. It was originally a lecture to the students of the University of Edinburgh, but it well deserved the wider circulation which the printing-press will give it. The author is deeply impressed with the importance of correct conceptions of things, and insists on the most careful and conscientious definition of words as a necessary safeguard of sound thinking. Truth he defines in the words of G. H. Lewes as 'the coincidence between the external and the internal order,' a definition to which strong objection might be taken; but what he says as to the importance of a correct analysis of our concepts is worthy of the closest attention. He detects in the philosophy of the present day two violations of this duty: One is the attempt to analyze an elementary idea, which from its very nature cannot be analyzed; the other is the unwillingness to recognize elements in a concept that don't agree with our preconceptions. He maintains, and we think truly, that the second of these offences is peculiarly rife at the present time, and he earnestly warns his hearers against it. Having laid down his fundamental principles, the Duke goes on to apply them to certain specific cases, the most important of which is the Darwinian theory, which he has attacked before, and which he here again attacks with no little vigor and effect. He also adduces other examples to illustrate his principles; but we have not space to particularize them, and must refer our readers to the lecture itself. (25 cts. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

'THE DISTINCTIVE IDEA in Education,' by the Rev. C. B. Hulbert, is an exposition of the author's views of what education is. His theory is nothing new, however, but the familiar one that education is the development of all man's powers and faculties. It is undoubtedly true, and is not perhaps, sufficiently borne in mind by the mass of educators at the present day; hence the importance of insisting on it. Mr. Hulbert has a clear and correct idea of his subject, but his style is commonplace and sometimes coarse, so that his essay is not so effective as it otherwise would be. He rightly insists on the necessity of hard study as a means of development; and he sharply criticises the elective system as favoring the tendency to shirk, declaring that under that system those studies are selected that are the easiest while the most important ones are neglected. There is doubtless some exaggeration in his remarks on this point, yet they show, if demonstration be needed, that there are two sides to the question of elective studies. (5 cts. J. B. Alden.)

THE LATEST PUBLICATION of the American Statistical Association, New Series, No. 6, is occupied mainly with the question of how statistics ought to be prepared. Prof. Arthur T. Hadley discusses 'American Railroad Statistics,' with the object of ascertaining the best mode of keeping railroad accounts. At present certain items of income and expenditure are difficult to ascertain, owing to the want of proper classification, and the difficulty is aggravated for the economist and the statesman by the fact that different roads have different systems of accounting. The Interstate Commerce Commission has endeavored to remedy these evils, but has not in all cases succeeded, and in Prof. Hadley's opinion a good deal remains to be done to make railroad statistics satisfactory. A similar complaint respecting the statistics of cities is made by Prof. Henry B. Gardner in his paper on 'Statistics of Municipal Finance.' Want of classification is here also the main defect; and after a rigorous criticism of existing methods, the author goes on

to suggest a new system which he thinks would remedy the evils complained of and make municipal statistics reliable and more generally useful.

MR. MARSHALL P. WILDER the humorist will have to add the writer of this review, the anonymous critic of his funny book, to the list of 'The People I've Smiled With.' We opened the book expecting to find a tale of dreariness long drawn out; but soon our rib muscles began to vibrate, and later on, we had to hold our chair lest we should slip off for very laughing. In his 'recollections of a merry little life,' Mr. Wilder takes us across the ocean, and shows us the sunny and the funny side of John Bull, Buffalo Bill, and the Indians. He then lets us into the wicket-gates, not usually open to the public, of our great, our busy, and our ordinary American fellow-beings. With a remarkably piquant style, plenty of innocent fun, a revelation of self that is instructive, a kindly twinkle in his eye, and a genuine sympathy with all sorts of human nature, the author and his book are to be reckoned as positive additions to the sum of blessings enjoyed by English-speaking humanity. With the Hebrew proverbist who coined the prescription for the medicine which is never taken through mouth or skin, our American is fully at home. A good book for a gloomy day, and warranted to bleach out the blues. (\$1.50. Cassell & Co.)

DR. D. C. GILMAN's address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, on May 7, is well worthy of preservation in type. Besides other pertinent thoughts, he lays stress upon the advantages of hospitals for the improvement of medical science and art. It is interesting to learn that it was a fund given by Dr. Caius of London to encourage the study of anatomy which was the immediate means of leading Harvey to his discovery of the circulation of the blood. A passage in Aristotle first suggested to Harvey the idea. A capital address by a man fully abreast of the age. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.)—A LESS SENTIMENTAL, mysterious and dramatic instrument than a divining-rod, but a tool far more useful to the seeker of hid treasure is a good index. Before a great library, even the skilled seeker for information is nearly helpless without these aids. We welcome heartily, as all historical students will, the 'Index of Articles upon American Local History in Historical Collections in the Boston Public Library.' Mr. Appleton Prentiss Clark Griffin is the maker of this key by which the 'two-leaved gates' of each book may properly open at the right place. The handsome folio pages are of good durable paper and two and a quarter hundreds in number. One is astonished at the wealth of material illustrating so much of our local history of the Atlantic Coast States and less fully the historic sites of the West. Whether it be Hillabee, Ala., or Philadelphia, Pa., or Duluth, Minn., one can find many rays of light here focused. The Index is printed by order of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library.

'LATER SPEECHES on Political Questions,' by George W. Julian, edited by his daughter, consists in the main of speeches and articles on the partisan controversies of the past seventeen years. Mr. Julian was one of those who left the Republican party in 1872 because of what they deemed its corrupt practices; and most of the speeches here collected were delivered in the Presidential campaign of that year and in others of more recent date. Hence their interest is mostly of a partisan character and withal somewhat ephemeral, for though all the controversies of those times are not yet settled, they present themselves now in a different form from what they did in 1872 and 1876. There are, however, some among the papers here collected that have a more permanent value, such as the one on 'The New Trials of Democracy' and another and still better one on 'Evolution and Reform.' In the last-named the speaker takes issue with Spencer and others as to the position of the reformer in society, maintaining that his enthusiasm and his work were never more needed than at the present day. The author's remarks on this theme are well worthy of attention. (Indianapolis: Carlton & Hollenbeck.)

MR. HENRY WHITMAN has put into a comely pamphlet of twenty pages the results of his studies into the ancestry of George Washington. He harmonizes the conflicting claims of many towns and villages in England to the honor of being the first home of the Washingtons, and shows that in Warton church, near Lancaster, is found the oldest copy of the Washington arms. He discusses the subject fully and clearly, gives a full genealogical line from Bardulf, Lord of Ravensworth (near which was the village of Washington), and incidentally treats of the origin of the American flag. Three phototints illustrate this theme of interest to Americans and genealogists. (Boston: Damrell & Upham.)—WHITE & ALLEN reprint in dainty covers of yellow and chocolate four well-known papers from *Blackwood's Magazine*. Travel is represented by

Speke's 'Discovery of the Victoria N'yanza' and Oliphant's 'My Home in Palestine,' Adventure by 'A Sketch in the Tropics,' and Sport by 'How I Caught my First Salmon.' A delightful series well clothed, and just the thing for a summer's journey or vacant hour.

'THE STORY OF PHœNICIA' is one of the best volumes in the Story of the Nations Series. The peculiar work of the Phœnicians as carriers of the ancient commerce brought them into contact with so many other Nations and gave their civilization so composite a cast that only one exceedingly well-versed in both Oriental and early European history would be able to treat it. Prof. George Rawlinson's previous researches well fitted him for the task. In nineteen brief chapters of easy narrative he gives a survey not only of the political fortunes of the Phœnicians, but also of their arts and life. The diffuseness which sometimes mars the style of the 'Great Monarchies' is here not noticeable. The book is illustrated, and provided with an excellent map and plans. (\$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'THE PROCEEDINGS of the American Forestry Congress,' held at Atlanta, Georgia, in December 1888, include not only reports and resolutions but addresses by Gen. A. W. Greely and others on special features of the forest problem in various States and Territories. The next meeting of the Congress will take place at Philadelphia, Oct. 15 to 18. (Washington: Gibson Bros.)

MR. WM. GRISWOLD'S 'Annual Index to Periodicals,' nominally for the year 1888, is brought down to July 1889. It is the eighth issue of a publication which we have never found occasion to use, but which librarians, bookmakers, magazine writers and others must find very convenient in their several departments of work. Its compilation involves an amount of labor that must be largely unrewarded. (Bangor, Me.)—'EPITAPHS, Original and Selected' has been compiled and is circulated by J. S. Clark & Co., of Louisville, Ky. Five hundred inscriptions are presented under various general headings, and it must be said that the 'selected' are as good as the 'original.' After reading a tenth of them, however, one is apt to pray that his monument be marked only with his name and the two customary dates, unsupplemented even by the appropriate text, 'Earth's brightest gems are fading.' (25 cts.)—JOHN B. ALDEN has reprinted Thomas Hughes's *Life of Livingstone*.

A SON of Birket Foster, the well-known book illustrator, publishes a small collection of humorous sketches of animals under the alliterative title of 'Follies, Foibles and Fancies of Fish, Flesh and Fowl, Figured by Foster.' The drawings (in pen-and-ink) are spirited, and their subjects in many cases uncommonly funny. The proverb 'Any port in a storm' is illustrated by a picture of a cat which has taken refuge from a pair of spaniels between a bull-terrier's paws. 'Curiosity rewarded' is a sparrow whose investigations into a beehive are repaid by a sortie of its inmates. Two frogs are discussing the latest sensation, which turns out to be that the mother of one of them has just been gobbled up by a lily-white duck. The title is a procession of dumb-animal sandwich-men, and the printer's mark shows two batrachians pulling a proof. (35 cts. F. Warne & Co.)

Magazine Notes

IN 'American Artists at the Paris Exhibition,' in the current *Harper's*, Theodore Child contrasts the display our painters make this year with what they did in 1868, when Whistler's 'White Girl' was the most noteworthy of the canvases shown, and few others attracted attention, except Bierstadt's 'Rocky Mountains' and Church's 'Niagara.' In 1878, again, matters were hardly improved; but this year, the writer claims, the American Fine Art Section is 'one of the strongest and most interesting of all the foreign departments.' A score of reproductive illustrations, nearly all full-pages, go far to prove the claim. The frontispiece, Dannat's 'Un Profil Blond,' is not the best of them: comparing it only with his own work, we prefer the portraits of two little girls. Though Whistler has seen fit to identify himself with the English exhibitors, three specimens of his work are reproduced, and his career is made the text of a highly enthusiastic study. A little girl arranging Japanese lanterns in a garden is a good example of Sargent; 'Mme. Bergère' of Sprague Pearce, and 'Le Prêche,' in which the preacher is unseen, of Melchers. Julius Stewart's 'Portrait of the Baronne B.' has a hundred good points. Abbott Thayer is seen in a thoroughly characteristic bit of work, 'Corps Ailé'—a young girl with wings up-raised; and George Hitchcock in 'The Annunciation,' a field of lilies inspected by a woman with an extraordinary face. Alexander Harrison, Walter Gay, Ridgway Knight, E. L. Weeks, C. S. Reinhart, Henry Mosler, Frank Millet and Carroll Beckwith are the other painters represented, nearly all of them very favorably. The picture of two young women facing the reader from behind a table

laden with prize fruit and melons has the effect of a pun, from its position above the title of James Lane Allen's paper on 'Kentucky Fairs.' The article is an historical and social study, as well as a notably good bit of descriptive writing. No one could have treated the subject so well as Mr. Allen has done, who is native and to the manner born. The Kentucky fair dates from 1816; but it became the important 'institution' it is to-day not longer ago than 1840; for until then there was no amphitheatre and no music, there were no side-shows and no ladies. It was 'a fair without ladies!' The very name was a misnomer. To-day at Lexington there are fruits and melons and farm-produce of all sorts; cattle and horses and racing; but the ladies are the soul of the great week-long merrymaking. Half a dozen artists have taken up the tale where it left the writer's hands, and supplemented it with pictures not more graphic than his. Mr. Warner's 'Little Journey in the World' is becoming a long one, but not too long. The morality of the story is as granitic as the style is mellow. The study of the unscrupulous railroad magnate, Hollowell, who has risen from the ranks by more than questionable methods, and whose devotion to his family is no less marked than his avariciousness, is singularly true to life; and not less so is the characterization of the polished Henderson, who shuts his eyes now and then in order not to see all the crookedness of the path by which he, too, is becoming a millionaire. 'Some of the most agreeable people,' the novelist sententiously remarks, 'are those who have succeeded by the most questionable means.' Miss Woolson's 'Jupiter Lights' expire this month, with Paul Tennant on his muscle. Eve Bruce, thinking herself responsible for his brother's death, immures herself in a charitable institution in North Italy. Father Ambrose tries to prevent Paul's seeing her. He knocks the priest down and runs on. Mr. Smith makes the same mistake. Paul knocks him down and runs on. Mrs. Wingate confronts him with: 'You'll hardly knock down a woman, I suppose?' 'Forty, if necessary,' he replies, thrusting her aside and running on. The lady opens a locked door for him, and he finds himself in—an empty room! But there was a second door. He opened it. 'And took Eve in his arms.' 'Holy Moscow' and 'London Mock Parliaments' are articles as entertaining in their countless illustration, as in the writers' descriptive text. The Easy Chair moralizes on that form of buncombe which consists in decrying all that is good in English character and institutions and praising all that is bad in the Irish, in order to catch the fickle vote of the naturalized Hibernian. It pays tribute, not too tardy, to that delightful comedian, John Gilbert, of whom Mr. Curtis says: 'The personality of no actor ever made a deeper or more winning impression.' The sluggishness of the American public in the matter of subscribing for monuments is contrasted with its alacrity when money is needed for charitable use. There is also a not ill-timed homily from the Chair on marrying without love. Mr. Howells, who is a disbeliever in poetry and imagination, in the Study this month praises the latest book of Madison J. Cawein, his 'Accolon of Gaul.' It is, he declares, 'as if we had another Keats, or as if that fine sensitive spirit had come again in a Kentuckian avatar.' He praises also Anne Reeve Aldrich's 'Rose of Flame, and Other Poems,' and Dr. Weir Mitchell's 'Cup of Youth.' But there is little to his taste in the 'Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy' of William Sharp, who is as stout in his championship of poetry and imagination as Mr. Howells is active in discrediting them. Mr. H. is conscious how matters stand, however, and ventures this apothegm: 'One of the evils of having very firm convictions is that you want to deny all merit to people who have different ones.' In the Drawer, Mr. Warner announces that good anecdotes for that department will be paid for.

Dr. Hammond has a poor opinion of 'those physicians who denounce honest investigation' having for its end the discovery of an 'Elixir of Life,' and in his paper on this subject in the September *North American Review* he hits them a rap or two. There is nothing 'inherently impossible' in such an elixir—a substance that, when taken into the system, may so arrest the deteriorating influences of old age as to prolong life and render existence more tolerable. Only old fogies will pretend that there is, and Dr. Hammond was never an old fogy: he is one of what he terms the 'energetic brethren' of the medical fraternity. Indeed, no one could read his recent circular letter to Dr. Sayre, apropos of the Brown-Séquard elixir, without realizing what a particularly energetic man he must be. If that letter were written under the rejuvenating influence of the elixir, there can be no doubt of its vitalizing effect; but the essence must have been extracted in this case, not from 'glands taken from guinea-pigs and rabbits,' but from fishwives' tongues. Gen. John Pope's 'Common-Sense and Civil-Service Reform' is an essay to prove that the writer believes in a change of tens of thousands of office-holders throughout the land—a 'clean sweep,' that is to say—whenever there is a change in the Presidency. 'Whilst the say-

ing that "to the victors belong the spoils" has been made odious in this country, the expression itself, as it is interpreted, is an unfair and misleading statement of a fact which exists, and *perhaps ought to exist*. The words are his, the italics ours. 'The Coming Congress' is discussed by Congressman H. C. Lodge; and another congress, also coming—that of the 'three Americas,' to be held this fall in Washington—furnishes a text for William McElroy Curtis. Mr. Curtis's flippant pen has done its share toward prejudicing South and Central American feeling against the United States, and we take this present contribution of his as a sign of repentance and a tardy offering of the olive-branch. If any one is curious to know how it happens that Archdeacon Farrar is an Episcopalian, instead of (say) a Quaker, a Greek Churchman or a fire-worshipper, he will find in *The North American* a satisfactory explanation, if not a defence, of the fact. In another article James M. Hubbard gives a doubtful reply to the question 'Are Public Libraries Public Blessings?' They would be, he thinks, if Boards of Education were made official censors, with power to decide what books should be circulated. At present they are, to a limited extent, 'Nurseries of Crime'—though not in the same degree as the cheap lodging-houses of New York in the neighborhood of the Bowery, which furnish Inspector Byrnes with a text for an article so entitled, in which he gives names and addresses. While the Inspector is doing what he can to keep the thief and murderer in check, Dr. Henry C. McCook enquires, of another of mankind's enemies, 'Can the Mosquito be Exterminated?' warning us to cultivate the spider as an antidote to the stinging, winged insect on which the wingless web-weaver delights to feed. A larger, if not a more burning question, is considered by Senator Hawley in 'The Value of International Exhibitions.'

There is something tonic in the whole-souled admiration for a great writer which Andrew Lang expresses in the opening paper in *Scribner's Magazine*. Alexander Dumas—'Alexander the Great'—is his theme; and his appreciation is as cordial if not as dithyrambic as Swinburne's when he writes of Hugo,—that other giant of French literature, cradled in the same year that heard the first infantile cry of the creator of the Three Musketeers. He has not read all of Dumas, 'nor even the greater part of his thousand volumes.' He has only 'dipped a cup in that sparkling spring' which it would need the Great Dipper to empty. From his abounding books the young may 'learn frankness, kindness, generosity,' and to 'esteem the tender heart and the gay invincible wit.' Mothers may not agree with Dumas that there is nothing he ever wrote which modest maidens may not read without a blush: even Mr. Lang does not assent to this; but the stories Dumas retells are coarser in the original than when he has done with them. Before they appear in his pages, they have passed through 'a medium of natural delicacy and good taste.' As a youngster the story-teller himself could not read 'forbidden books—books that are sold *sous le manteau*.' 'I had, thank God, a natural sentiment of delicacy.' So his work is like nature itself. 'His enormous popularity, the widest in the world of letters, owes absolutely nothing to pruriency or curiosity. The air which he breathes is a healthy air, is the open air, and that by his own choice, for he had every temptation to seek another kind of vogue, and every opportunity.' Mr. Lang's celebration of the great romancer whose descent on one side was noble, with or without the bar sinister, and on the other *may* have been royal though unquestionably African, is just the sort of thing an admirer of the subject or a stranger to his writings must enjoy reading. It is criticism and eulogium plentifully sown with anecdotes. It gives a very vivid impression of the French romanticist who found his inspiration in Shakespeare, Goethe, Cooper and Scott, and who was himself the Scott of French literature. 'If Dumas has not, as he certainly has not, the noble philosophy and kindly knowledge of the heart which are Scott's, he is far more swift, more witty, more diverting.' Mr. Lang laments the lack of a complete life of the great Alexander: 'the age has not produced the intellectual athlete who can gird himself up for that labor.' We know of no reason why so facile, so prolific, so sympathetic a pen as his own should not dive into the inkhorn and bring up this treasure. If it should seem audacious to undertake the task after the sentence we have quoted, the world would willingly overlook the seeming inconsistency for the sake of so rare an addition to its library of romance: for a biography based mainly on his 'Mémoires' would be as romantic as anything of the Frenchman's own invention. We may be perverse—the best of us are so at times,—but what strikes us most forcibly in A. R. Macdonough's account of 'Nepigon River Fishing' is this paragraph on flies:—'There are two kinds of flies on the Nepigon: those that the angler uses, and those that use him. The latter enjoy vaseline, suspect pennyroyal, and hate tar; but only retire baffled from veils and gloves. At morning they spread in a gray mist that gives the look to distant bays of reedy marshes. At evening their clusters

hang in smoke-like clouds above the tips of pointed trees. And they are always feeding, assisted by swarms of common house-flies. Of the other kind of flies, the white-fish, very delicately, standing on his tail, asks for a small dark one.' And the wise fisherman does not disappoint it. Harold Frederic's new serial, 'In the Valley,' opens in this number and opens promisingly. The 'Valley' is the Mohawk and the year 1757, and the first chapter warns the Dutch and English settlers that the French are descending upon them. The story begins with a capital 'I,' and being written in the first person, the style is as near an approach as the author can compass to the antiquated manner of speech that prevailed in the eighteenth century. In the circumstances it is a little hard on Mr. Frederic that his work must be contrasted with another story, just drawing to a close in the same magazine, which is written in the same person and in the same old-fashioned style, and whose scene is laid in much the same part of the world; for what writer of to-day has anything to gain by contrast with Stevenson? It will be a double triumph for the author of 'In the Valley' if he succeeds in the teeth of such comparison. The editor made a hit when he asked Justin McCarthy to write an End Paper for *Scribner's*,—or when he accepted one that was offered to him. 'Three Dream Heroines' is one of the most delightful of this new series of 'Roundabout Papers.' Mr. McCarthy succeeds in making 'Sally in our Alley' and her lover, and their lives and loving companionship, quite clear 'to at least one reader who does 'not know London, and its streets, and its Sunday aspect.' Fair Inez is not subjected to the same treatment as Sally. She provokes a regret for the 'sweet and happy time of youth, when nothing seems so entirely delightful as to die for the loved one and in her sight, and to be mourned for by her forever after.' Annabel Lee is the third and last of these 'Dream Heroines,' and Mr. McCarthy is undecided whether he had rather wait and long unavailingly all his life for a fair Inez, or find and lose a wife in Annabel Lee. The illustrations in this month's magazine are many and good. The frontispiece, 'Danger Ahead!' belongs to the railroad article, and only a page intervenes between it and a portrait of Dumas. The author of 'In the Valley' has found a sympathetic illustrator in Howard Pyle; and the author of 'Night Witchery' is equally fortunate, for Hamilton Gibson illustrates his own work—or writes the text to accompany his own pictures: it is hard to say which. The pages of 'Safety in Railroad Travel' are, paradoxically enough, thick-strewn with views of railroad accidents. The best of the poetry is Miss Thomas's 'Domino.'

The article which will attract the most attention in the September *Forum* is 'The Lost Leader,' by Thomas Hughes. By this ambiguous title Mr. Hughes refers to Mr. Gladstone, with whom, like many other able and patriotic Englishmen, he is no longer in sympathy. In this paper he proposes to dispute the Gladstonian creed and 'to show from his own words what sort of leading the nation has been getting from Mr. Gladstone' on the Irish question, 'the most momentous which has ever been, or can ever be, before it, seeing that it goes to the very root of national life and national morals.' As might be supposed, Mr. Hughes does not deal lightly with his subject, and he writes with the earnestness of conviction, his object being to set the American public right (from his point of view) on the subjects of home rule, etc. He studied the Irish question among the leaders of the Home Rule party, going so far as to attend their St. Patrick's Day dinner with a sprig of shamrock in his buttonhole. But in vain. Either they seemed 'not to know themselves, or to want what England could not give.' Mr. Hughes closes his argument with a warning to the people of the United States that they are deceived in the Grand Old Man. In expressing our admiration and confidence in him, we are in reality doing what in us lies to 'palliate crime, and to set aside the old commandments, "Thou shalt do no murder, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet." We have hardly left ourselves space to speak of the Rev. Washington Gladden's paper on social ills, or Goldwin Smith's somewhat specious plea for the spoils system, or Thos. G. Shearman's defence of Henry George's 'Mistakes,' or Chas. F. Beach, Jr.'s, amiable view of Trusts, or other interesting papers, including one on 'The House-keeping of the Future,' by Helen E. Starrett, which suggests some not unpractical solutions of a knotty problem.

A short article on the 'Growth of a great National Library' in the current number of *The Magazine of American History* will attract attention as giving some account of the various special collections contained in it, and endorsing Mr. Spofford's plea for the continuance of the present plan of hoarding up everything, good, worthless or vicious, that comes from the American press. The editor's chapter on the historic homes and landmarks of New York makes interesting reading. It is aptly illustrated with a map of the farms and estates in the lower part of the city in 1644-95, and views of the Damen farm-house, where the Equitable building now stands;

the French Huguenot Church in Pine St; the old Livingston sugar-house, and other vanished structures. A portrait on steel of John W. Hammersley accompanies a memoir by Gen. De Peyster.

The Lounger

THE BOND between Messrs. Erckmann and Chatrian has been broken. The hyphen that has so long held their names together in Siamese-twinship will never again appear on the title-page of a new play or story. United, they have stood for forty years; it now remains to be seen whether, divided, they will fall. Mr. Walter Besant did not go to pieces when his collaborator's death broke up the well-established literary partnership of Besant and Rice; but Mr. Besant was still young at the dissolution of the partnership, while Erckmann and Chatrian are both old men. The more lamentable, therefore, is the falling-out that leaves them scant time to repent and 'kiss again with tears.' And according to the account of the affair given by one of M. Chatrian's intimates, there seems to be little excuse for the action of his old associate which has alienated the friends. The story is that Erckmann has had nothing to do with the preparation of the plays which have been founded upon the books written in collaboration with Chatrian, although he received a constant revenue from their presentation on the stage. So long as this revenue was large he was content, but when it fell off, he badgered and bled his old partner like a money-lender. This statement of the case is *ex parte*, of course, but it is the only one that has come to hand. It will be found at greater length on another page.

IN THE *World* of Sunday there is an editorial headed 'Indolent Novel-writing,' of which I quote the opening paragraph:

In his latest novel, 'Sant' Ilario,' Marion Crawford says: 'I do not hesitate to say that, without a single exception, every foreigner, poet or prose-writer, who has treated of these people (the Italians) has more or less grossly misunderstood them. To understand Italians a man must have been born and bred among them.' We are authorized to assume from this that Mr. Crawford, who was not born and bred among them, 'more or less grossly' misunderstands Italians, of whom mainly he writes.

From this text the writer preaches a sermon on 'indolent novel-writing'—the writing of novels in which the author has been at no pains to verify his statements. The sermon is a good one, but the text is ill-chosen; for Mr. Crawford was born in Italy and has lived there for much the greater part of his life. Now let us hear what the *World* has to say on the subject of 'Indolent Editorial Writing.'

ONE OF THE hitherto unpublished letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne reprinted in these pages last week from the London *Athenæum* possesses as timely an interest to-day as it did when it was written. It is dated 'Salem, March 5, 1849,' and relates to the 'spoils system' which has been the curse of American politics since the day of Jackson. It is not a discussion of that system in the abstract, but a consideration of its very concrete application in the case of the writer. The great romancer had been appointed Surveyor of the Custom House in 1846, and had discharged the duties of his office as conscientiously as a man of his character might be trusted to do. He was not appointed for political reasons, for he was not a partisan; indeed, it was a matter of complaint among the Democrats of Salem that he never bestirred himself to secure the removal of Whigs and the appointment of members of his own party, as he might have done. The man whom he succeeded in office was of the same political faith with himself.

There is therefore no ground for disturbing me, except on the most truculent party system. All this, however, will be of little avail with the Hang-wangers,—the vote-disturbers—the Jack Cades who assume to decide upon these matters, after a political triumph; and as to any literary claims of mine, they would not weigh a feather, nor be thought worth weighing at all. But it seems to me that an inoffensive man-of-letters, having obtained a pitiful little office on no other plea than his pitiful little literature, ought not to be left to the mercy of these thick-skulled and no-hearted ruffians.

Three months later he wrote to the same friend: 'I am turned out of office!'

IF HAWTHORNE had received his place as a reward for partisan service and had devoted his energies to looking out for Democratic 'boys,' or if he had delegated his duties as Surveyor to an underling and set apart for novel-writing that part of his time for which he was paid by Uncle Sam, there could have been no protest against his summary dismissal. But he had offended in neither of these ways. 'I could easily refute,' he writes, 'any charge of inattention to duty, or other official misconduct.' He was removed simply because there was a new administration at Wash-

ington, and his place was wanted for a Whig. Forty years have passed since Hawthorne was reduced to penury by the workings of this abominable system; yet turning to the current numbers of *The Forum* and *The North American Review*, we find it seriously advocated as perhaps the best system possible in our Great Republic! So slavery was defended as late as '65.

THE SECOND INSTALMENT of these letters offers food for equally serious reflection. International Copyright is the subject this time, as Civil Service was in the preceding series, though the words are not used in this case any more than they were in the other. Hawthorne was not discussing the Civil Service in the letter from which I have quoted: he was considering simply the effect upon one office-holder of a pernicious system of administering it. And in these later letters he makes no reference to International Copyright: he speaks only of his poverty—a poverty which his growing fame as a writer did little to ameliorate. But it was the lack of International Copyright between Great Britain and America, as *The Athenæum* does not fail to point out, that kept this American author poor, just as, years before, it had prevented Scott from ending his days in the comfort he had fairly earned. As matters stand in this country, and have always stood, it is only one author in a hundred who can devote himself to his profession. He must drudge at some uncongenial task with his right hand, while with his left he writes the books that delight their tens of thousands and make his name a household word. The lawyer wins renown by the same exertion that keeps the domestic pot boiling: the richer he grows, the greater becomes his eminence. It is the same with the painter, the prize-fighter, the preacher. But so illiberal are our laws, so barbarous our practices, that the authors whom we read with keenest pleasure, whose reputation is a matter of national pride, whom we praise without stint and to whom we offer the heartiest congratulations on their recurring birthdays—these luckless wights, whose name are dear to all and whom all delight to honor, must either struggle along in poverty, or toil and moil at work that saps their best energies and, so far as we are concerned, is utterly thrown away. And all this that a few piratical reprinters of English literature may sell cheap something they do not own!

THE *Times* is responsible for a story to the effect that when the elder Sothorn received the present bearer of that name as a pledge of his wife's affection, he determined to call him after Edwin Booth, and asked the distinguished tragedian to become the lad's godfather. Mr. Booth was greatly pleased by the compliment, and accepted it graciously; but his friends got at him, and persuaded him that it was a risky thing to do—that he would be making himself responsible for the boy's whole career. 'Almost paralyzed' by this suggestion, Mr. Booth telegraphed his regrets at the last moment, and the child was christened Edward H. instead of Edwin B. And now, in view of the young man's career, both professionally and socially, Mr. Booth sincerely regrets that he gave the excuse for changing the name.

THE STORY may be 'true' or it may be only 'found'; it is not a very important or a very exciting one in either case. What strikes me in it is the implication that Mr. Booth made a mistake when he declined the compliment of having his name borne by a man whose reputation was still to make. It is a thing that anyone might shrink from; and the wise father, too (if his wife allowed him to say anything on the subject), would hesitate to confer upon his son the name of a living friend. 'Call no man happy till he is dead,' says the maker of apothegms. 'Name no son after a living man,' is a good maxim to supplement the older saying with. Your feeling toward a man no longer living is less apt to change, for one thing; certainly he himself can do nothing to alter it; and till a man is dead, or at least is arrived at an age after which no man's character changes, it is a leap in the dark to tack his name on to a helpless infant. Conversely, it is a pleasure not unminged with pain to hear your name coupled with that of the degenerate son of even your dearest friend.

'C. H. S.' OF ORANGE, N. J., sends this suggestion as to the National Flower:—'In this great country, where even the names of flowers growing in one section are not known in the others—except to botanical students,—can we do less than have a wreath or garland, combining the favorite or characteristic flowers of the several sections? Will you not kindly invite further discussion of the matter?' 'Illinois' writes:—'What flower so sweet or so typical of universality as the white rose? Everywhere, from the snowbound regions of the north to the southern boundary of the flower-growing world, from the east to the far west may be found the wilding rose in some form, and of some shade from white to pink. Its universality and generally acknowledged expression of a sentiment

of affection would seem to indicate it as a suitable emblem of the brotherhood of American citizenship.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE fund continues to show a steady growth, \$2146 having been added to it from Aug. 27 to Sept. 4, inclusive, bringing the total amount up to \$49,990.21. The subscriptions were as follows:

\$1000 each:—Mrs. Wm. H. Vanderbilt; George W. Vanderbilt.

\$100:—Richard M. Hunt.

\$46:—Forty-six readers of *Commercial Advertiser*, \$1 each.

The venerable *Commercial Advertiser*, which took a new lease of life last Tuesday, appearing in a new and more convenient form and at a lower price, deserves the greatest credit for its zealous and efficient support of the movement in aid of the Memorial Arch. It not only headed the original subscription list with a gift of \$100, but has enlisted the sympathies of its readers and at the same time demonstrated the popular character of the movement by procuring the addition to the fund of \$1110.47, the offering of 838 contributors, mainly in sums of \$1 each.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE photogravure of the statue of Henry VII. in the Court of King's College, Cambridge—the frontispiece of the August *Portfolio*—shows what this new art is capable of in good hands. It has tone, relief, and precision of detail, and reproduces so well the modelling of the statue that we do not miss the engraver's touch. The sculptor, Roscoe Mullins, is a clever young Englishman, to whose work Walter Armstrong devotes the opening paper. The description of Westminster Abbey is continued through the Poets' Corner and the Chapter House, with pen-sketches of Chaucer's tomb and the Chapter House doorways and a good etching by H. Railton of the interior of the latter part of the Abbey. Some drawings by Joseph Wood, leopards and a captive eagle, are given with an instalment of the article on that artist-naturalist by A. H. Palmer. M. Muntz's book on Raphael is reviewed by the editor, and there is an article on William Woollett, with a portrait and a reproduction of one of his plates, 'Solitude,' engraved from Wilson's painting.

—A *Portfolio of Little Etchings*, by Newton A. Wells, Professor of Drawing in Syracuse University, displays certain qualities of cleanness of line and sureness of hand which more ambitious efforts often lack. The etching called 'Work,' showing a mason and his helpers laying the foundation of a building, is particularly to be commended as well for choice of subject as for treatment. The figure at the wheelbarrow is capitably done.

Dr. Holmes's Eightieth Birthday

DR. HOLMES passed his eightieth birthday at his summer home at Beverly Farms, Mass. Letters and telegrams of congratulation came to him from all over the country; also a number of beautiful plants and flowers, and a solid silver gold-lined loving cup of beautiful design, the latter from friends and classmates whose names he desired should remain private. He received also a short note from John G. Whittier, in which the latter merely expressed his regard and his deep regret that his present ill-health would prevent his being present in person. Dr. Holmes greeted each of his visitors with a cordial grasp of the hand, and expressed his great pleasure at their coming. His manner was as vivacious, his step as elastic and his eyes as bright and merry as they have been these many years back. Barring a slight difficulty with his hearing, his powers are unimpaired. A reporter of the *Boston Herald* gave this account of the day:

About 10 o'clock in the forenoon the 26 pupils of the Farms school trooped down the street and up the avenue to the house, where the Doctor greeted them, taking each by the hand. He also presented to each one a tiny box of candy, tied with a pink ribbon. On each box was a vignette of the Doctor the size of a postage-stamp. This pleased the little ones greatly. During the afternoon Dr. Holmes was called on by a number of friends. When the *Herald* reporter made his second call the doctor expressed himself as feeling a little wearied from the labors of the day, for, he said, callers had been coming in a steady stream from 9 o'clock until 5. Not many people came from Boston, but the Beverly Farms yeomanry and their children—his neighbors, so to speak—and a host of summer residents from the Beverly shore and Manchester-by-the-Sea paid their respects. Letters and telegrams were received during the en-

tire day. To name the senders would be to name about all the prominent men-of-letters in the country and some beyond the sea, besides others well known in public life. The birthday cake was one of the features of the day. It was immense in size, unique in design and beautiful in execution. It was crowned by a nautilus, suggested by the poem of 'The Chambered Nautilus.' The cake was designed by Mrs. O. W. Holmes, Jr., wife of Judge Holmes, who, in the absence of the Judge, assisted the Autocrat in receiving visitors.

The occasion was fittingly celebrated by the *Boston Advertiser*, which printed poems by John Greenleaf Whittier, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George William Curtis, Dr. Edward Everett Hale and others. Mr. Whittier sent the following sonnet:

Climbing the path that leads back nevermore,
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer;
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,
His genial presence like an afterglow
Following the one just vanishing away.
Long be it ere the Table shall be set
For the last Breakfast of the Autocrat,
And Love repeat, with smiles and tears thereat
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget.
Waiting with him the call to come up higher,
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher!

Mr. Stedman's glowing tribute was entitled 'Ergo Iris':

Weary at length of the ancestral gloom,
The self-same drone, the patter of dull pens,
Nature sent Iris of the rosy plume,
Bearing to Holmes her wonder-working lens;
Grateful, he gave his dearest child her name.
Lit the shrewd East with laughter, love and tears,—
Bade halt the sun—and all aglow with fame
His rainbow'd fancy now the world enspheres.

Mr. Curtis said:—'It is not easy without apparent exaggeration to express publicly the affection and admiration in which Dr. Holmes is held by his personal friends. To the public he is the brilliant author who speaks to every mood. But to his friends he is the man who strengthens and enriches every charm which the author weaves.' Dr. Hale alluded to a fact not commonly remembered when he wrote:—'Do not send any one to interview him. He is too generous to knock your messenger down—and too kind to intimate that he is a bore. But if some unknown day, some gentleman of your staff happens to sit next him in one of Mr. Whitney's electric carriages, let him ask how long ago it was that he sent his first poem to be printed in the *Daily Advertiser*.'

The *Evening Transcript* printed these anonymous lines on the poet's birthday:—

Here's to the man with heart, head, hand,
Like one of the simple great ones gone!
A small, bright man in a noisy land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Professor, or Poet, or Autocrat—one
Who can write and who dare not lie!

The house in which Dr. Holmes was born is still standing on the common at Cambridge and is now one of the College buildings. It is an old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed house, and during the siege of Boston it was the headquarters of the American officers. The Rev. Abiel Holmes, the poet's father, was the pastor of the first church of Cambridge, where Washington was a worshipper.

Unpublished Letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne*

[*The Athenaeum*]

SALEM, June 12, 1849.

DEAR HILLARD,—I have just received your letter. It makes me sick at heart to think of making any effort to retain this office. I trust that God means to put me in some other position; and I care not how hard or how humble it may be. Nevertheless, I answer your questions as well as I can.

I am accused, you tell me, of writing political articles for a democratic paper here—the *Salem Advertiser*. My contributions to that paper have been two theatrical criticisms, a notice of a ball at Ballard Vale, a notice of Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' and perhaps half a dozen other books. Never one word of politics. Any one of the articles would have been perfectly proper for a Whig paper, and indeed most of them were copied into Whig papers elsewhere. You know and the public knows what my contributions to the *Democratic Review* have been. They are all published in one or another of my volumes—all, with a single exception. That is a brief sketch of the life of my early and very dear friend Cilley, written, shortly after his death, at the request of the editor. I have not read it for years; but I am willing to refer to it as a proof of what sort of a politician I am. Written in the very midst of my

* Continued from August 31, and concluded.

grief, and when every other man in the nation, on both sides, was at fever-heat, it is, though very sad, as calm as though it had been written a hundred years after the event; and so far as I recollect it, it might as well have been written by a Whig as a Democrat. Look at it, and see. It cannot be called a political article; and, with that single exception, I have never, in all my life, written one word that had reference to politics.

As to my political action I have voted, since I have been in office, twice. I have listened to a portion of a political address by Mr. Rantoul, and to a portion of another by Caleb Cushing. I suffer under considerable odium in the view of my own party for having taken no part whatever. All my official conduct has been under the supervision and sanction of Colonel Miller, a Whig, the Deputy Collector, and now Collector of the port. He is now in Washington. I refer to him. If any definite charges were before me, I would answer them. As it is, I have no more to say—and do not care to have said what I have.

I repeat, that it makes me sick to think of attempting to recover this office. Neither have I any idea that it can be recovered. There is no disposition to do me justice. The Whigs know that the charges are false. But, without intending it, they are doing me a higher justice than my best friends. I have come to feel that it is not good for me to be here. I am in a lower moral state than I have been,—a duller intellectual one. So let me go; and, under God's providence, I shall arrive at something better.

SALEM, Jan. 20, 1850.

I read your letter in the vestibule of the Post Office; and it drew—what my troubles never have—the water to my eyes; so that I was glad of the sharply cold west wind that blew into them as I came homeward, and gave them an excuse for being red and bleared.

There was much that was very sweet—and something too that was very bitter—mingled with that same moisture. It is sweet to be remembered and cared for by one's friends—some of whom know me for what I am, while others, perhaps, know me only through a generous faith—sweet to think that they deem me worth upholding in my poor work through life. And it is bitter, nevertheless, to need their support. It is something else besides pride that teaches me that ill-success in life is really and justly a matter of shame. I am ashamed of it, and I ought to be. The fault of a failure is attributable—in a great degree at least—to the man who fails. I should apply this truth in judging of other men; and it behoves me not to shun its point or edge in taking it home to my own heart. Nobody has a right to live in the world, unless he be strong and able, and applies his ability to good purpose.

The money, dear Hillard, will smooth my path for a long time to come. The only way in which a man can retain his self-respect, while availing himself of the generosity of his friends, is by making it an incitement to his utmost exertions, so that he may not need their help again. I shall look upon it so—nor will shun any drudgery that my hands may find to do, if thereby I may win bread.

(To Miss Elizabeth Peabody, sister of Mrs. Hawthorne.)

LENEX, May 25, 1851.

DEAR ELIZABETH,—The subject of Life Insurance is not new to me. I have thought, read, and conversed about it long ago, and have a pamphlet, treating of its modes and advantages, in the house. I know that it is an excellent thing in some circumstances—that is, for persons with a regular income, who have a surplus, and can calculate precisely what it will be. But I have never yet seen the year, since I was married, when I could have spared even a hundred dollars from the necessary expense of living. If I can spare it this year, it is more than I yet know; and if this year, then probably it would be wanted the ensuing year. Then our expenditure must positively increase with the growth of our children and the cost of their education. I say nothing of myself—nothing of Sophia—since it is probably our duty to sacrifice all the green margin of our lives to these children, whom we have seen fit to bring into the world. In short, there is no use in attempting to put the volume of my convictions on paper. I should have insured my life, years since, if I had not seen that it is not the thing for a man, situated like myself, to do, unless I could have a reasonable certainty of dying within a year or two. We must take our chance, or our dispensation of Providence. If I die soon, my copyrights will be worth something, and might—by the exertions of friends, who undoubtedly would exert themselves—be made more available than they have yet been. If I live some years I shall be as industrious as I may, consistently with keeping my faculties in good order; and not impossibly I may thus provide for Sophia and the children.

Sophia and the baby are getting on bravely. She gazes at it all day long, and continually discovers new beauties. . . . This is my last and latest, my autumnal flower, and will be still in her gayest bloom, when I shall be most decidedly an old man—the daughter of my age, if age and decrepitude are really to be my lot. But, if it were not for the considerations in the first part of my letter, I should wish this scribbling hand to be dust ere then.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9, 1853.

DEAR HILLARD,—I herewith send you a draft on Ticknor for the sum (with interest included) which was so kindly given me by unknown friends, through you, about four years ago.

I have always hoped and intended to do this, from the first moment when I made up my mind to accept the money. It would not have been right to speak of this purpose, before it was in my power to accomplish it; but it has never been out of mind for a single day, nor hardly, I think, for a single working hour. I am most happy that this loan (as I may fairly call it, at this moment) can now be repaid without the risk on my part of leaving my wife and children utterly destitute. I should have done it sooner; but I felt that it would be selfish to purchase the great satisfaction for myself, at any fresh risk to them. We are not rich, nor are we very likely to be; but the miserable pinch is over.

The friends who were so generous to me must not suppose that I have not felt deeply grateful, nor that my delight at relieving myself from this pecuniary obligation is of any ungracious kind. I have been grateful all along, and am more so now than ever. This act of kindness did me an unspeakable amount of good; for it came when I most needed to be assured that anybody thought it worth while to keep me from sinking. And it did me even greater good than this, in making me sensible of the need of sterner efforts than my former ones, in order to establish a right for myself to live and be comfortable. For it is my creed (and was so even at that wretched time) that a man has no claim upon his fellow-creatures, beyond bread and water, and a grave, unless he can win it by his own strength or skill. But so much the kinder were those unknown friends whom I thank again with all my heart.

The allusion in one of the foregoing letters to 'Cilley' lends a certain interest to the subjoined postscript of a letter written by Hawthorne's first employer, J. L. O'Sullivan, editor of *The Democratic Review*, to the Hon. Henry A. Wise. Mr. Wise had been the second to the Hon. Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, in the duel in which the Hon. Jonathan Cilley, of New Hampshire, was killed (1838). Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who erroneously speaks of Wise as the principal in that affair, says ('Life of Hawthorne') that Hawthorne reproached himself with having once sanctioned the practice of duelling, and set a bad example for his friend. The letter of Mr. Sullivan is a long appeal to Mr. Wise, then of much influence with the administration, for the appointment of Hawthorne to be postmaster at Salem. The date is Nov. 24th, 1843:—

Before closing my letter, I conclude to leave a portion unexpressed of the thought which has really suggested to my mind the idea of writing it to you—though in speaking thus frankly, on so painful and delicate a topic, I have to count somewhat largely on a generous magnanimity on your part. One of Hawthorne's few intimates and fast friends was Cilley, who had been a college companion. It was he who first interested me in him—who was himself earnestly desirous to obtain some such suitable provision for him, and specifically this very appointment—who would have done it, had he not fallen, so unhappily for us all and most of all, I doubt not, my dear sir, for you—and from whom it has always since rested on my mind as a bequeathed duty to be performed for him and in his name.

Erckmann-Chatrian: Before and After

[The Rev. S. Baring-Gould in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1885.]

'CHATRIAN,' said Erckmann, 'goes every morning at nine to Paris, and returns home every evening at six. I, however, am here, day by day, from early till late, without leaving the house. You know the result. You will be disposed to undervalue the importance of Chatrian and his significance for myself and our labors, when I tell you that since we have worked together Chatrian has not once put pen to paper. Yes, it is as I say. There you have the whole secret of the unity of our style, which is not denied us, even by our most bitter opponents. There is, there can be no difference in our style, for the style of all our united compositions is exclusively mine.

'Every evening after we have dined, when the *bonne* has replenished our tankards with ale, we begin our work in common. I read over to Chatrian what I have written during the day. Chatrian possesses, in the highest degree, what may be termed the talent of composition. He has almost invariably some corrections to make in my work. I, naturally a colorist, fall too readily into the fault of inaccurate perspective—for instance, I paint a subsidiary character with as much detail as my hero or heroine. Here Chatrian interferes. He has the critical faculty in him so keen and so correct, that I am often amazed at it, and though he proceeds ruthlessly to work, slashing, arranging, recasting my work, I sit by without resentment, knowing that he is right and I am wrong. He points my weak pages and tears them up. I must rewrite them. He lowers the tone of my vigorous scenes; I feel a struggle in me, but I submit. He has remarkable talent for all the *nuances* of expression; I do not know his equal in this. Nevertheless, as he repeatedly admits, he never could do the work I execute. He is no prose writer. His verses are exquisite, and remind one more of your German than of our French poets. As soon as we have gone over and corrected the work of the day we discuss the work of the morrow. The plan of the whole romance is decided on between

us before I put pen to paper; so also is it clear to me what I am to do on the following day before that day begins. Here it is that Chatrian's talent shows itself in its full greatness. He is a master of grouping; he has a subtle eye for all the ramifications of a plot; he understands the relief in which the several characters are to stand. So we often sit together till midnight and after, pencil in one hand, note-book in the other, and exchange our thoughts half audibly. At one o'clock, the housekeeper has orders to come in and tell us it is bedtime. If we do not stir, she puts the lamp out. Sometimes we are so full of our subject that we cannot go to bed, and we sit on till three o'clock, in the dark. If the housekeeper finds that we are not in bed at one o'clock, she has orders to make a racket in the room, to bang the door, knock over the chairs, rattle the fire-irons to drown our conversation and drive our ideas out of our heads.'

[Auguste Georget in *Figaro*, Paris, August, 1889]

We have thought it well to publish in the *Figaro* some curious details upon the breach between the literary partners, Erckmann-Chatrian, those Siamese twins who achieved so notable a success at the Comédie Française with 'L'Ami Fritz'; for the partnership has been dissolved and the causes which have brought about the rupture are exceedingly curious. Every one knows that these two writers have furnished several pieces to various theatres—'Madame Thérèse,' and 'La Guerre' to the Châtelet; 'La Taverne des Trabans' to the Opéra-Comique; the 'Fou Chopine' to the Renaissance; 'Myrtille' to the Gaîté, where we saw for the last time poor Talien, dead at Saint-Maurice; but what every one does not know is that, assisted by MM. Jules Barbier and Maurice Drack, Chatrian worked hard upon these pieces, while Erckmann did nothing. What is extraordinary is that Erckmann cannot lay claim to so much as a comma in the ten or twelve plays which bear his name, and that he knows nothing of those which are not in print, for he never leaves Phalsbourg, where he lives in perfect serenity with the Germans.

So long as there were large returns, Erckmann was satisfied with the share allotted to him by Chatrian; but the mine having been exhausted, Erckmann despatches to Paris a nephew—his future heir, perhaps—M. Alfred Erckmann, a member of the Directors' Committee of the Association Générale d'Alsace-Lorraine. The moment was well chosen. Chatrian was ill; he was broken in health, his memory was weak, and he was ready to sign anything.

M. Alfred Erckmann declared that his uncle refused to recognize the payments made to M. Chatrian's coworkers (MM. Barbier and Drack), and he demanded that, by way of indemnity, Chatrian should make over to him the complete rights in these plays. Had it not been for the writer of these lines, Chatrian would have signed without understanding, and his sons would have lost all. This stroke having failed, the nephew offered to submit the matter to arbitration, and, against our advice, Chatrian, sure of the equity of his position, consented. The Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers was the proper tribunal, but not for M. Alfred Erckmann. He took M. Chatrian before M. Sée, a lawyer who is also a fellow-member of the Association Générale d'Alsace-Lorraine. After going through the accounts which Chatrian had placed in the hands of his nominal collaborator's nephew, M. Sée gravely declared that Chatrian should return to Erckmann the money paid to the other collaborators. Chatrian dreaded dissension or litigation—he would do anything to avoid publishing his rupture with Erckmann; for the sake of peace, and upon our advice, he offered half the sum claimed, that is to say, 22,127 francs. The nephew took the money and wrote a receipt on the spot.

Current Criticism

WHY FOREIGN BOOKS ARE READ.—English authors are known in France by translations, and as neither the muse of verse nor the style of prose can be reproduced in a translation, the author is judged by a criterion outside his literary workmanship. His reputation is constructed over again, without reference to his mastery of language, on the grounds of thought or invention only. Herbert Spencer has a great reputation in France as a thinker, Dickens as an inventor. Thackeray is very little appreciated, because the French can never know how superior he was in style to Dickens. Of English writers on art, Sir Joshua Reynolds is appreciated in France because his doctrines contained nothing particularly English, and his style was simple and clear; Ruskin has no French readers, because his views on art are English, and his style complex, elaborate, ornate. The name of Byron is known to every educated Frenchman, that of Tennyson is known to students of English literature only. All the chief English and Scotch philosophers are familiar to French students of philosophy, and, in fact, accepted by them as their great teachers and guides, but they are utterly un-

known to the French public. Independently of literary merit, foreign literatures are sometimes called upon to supply an element of human interest that is wanting in the home productions. The French are aware that Russian novels are not so well constructed as their own, yet there is a poignancy, a profundity of feeling, and a strength of primitive barbaric nature in the Russian novel that are wanting in the French, and this has given the foreign novelist a great success, even through translations. The desire for *more nature* always brings on a reaction against any conventionalism, and the foreigner who brings more nature has his assured success. A modern English conventionalism, quite unknown to our forefathers, forbids the complete portraiture of men and women in fiction. This has created a desire to see another side of life, and the French novelist supplies the want. The English want immoral literature, and buy French novels; the French want moral literature, and buy English novels—in translations. It would be better, perhaps, to have for both countries a kind of fiction that should be simply truthful, rather than the English novel that makes life better than it is, and the French that makes it worse.—*Philip Gilbert Hamerton*, in 'French and English: A Comparison.'

BOOK REVIEWS AN AID TO LITERATURE.—A review, after all, is often in a strange language to every one not acquainted with the book under discussion; but if this has been read, the comments of the reviewer have more significance, his points are understood, and his praise or dispraise more keenly relished or disrelished. There is always great pleasure in comparing opinions, and no doubt immense satisfaction in finding one's own discernment confirmed. So much greater is the interest in reading a review after, rather than before, reading the book, that I often wonder whether this is not the best purpose of criticism. Of what significance is an essay on 'Hamlet' to a man who knows not 'Hamlet'? Who can more than half understand an analysis of a new essay in philosophy or a new romance of character and motive, when nothing else is known but what the reviewer reveals? If I may judge by my own experience and personal likings, a review is of little interest unless the book is already, in some measure at least, familiar. But, if that is true, what, again, becomes of the cash value of the review? Leaving this narrow monetary side of the question, it is certain, I think, that the aggregate influence of book-reviews is an aid to literature. It may be difficult to trace this influence in many instances; it may often glance without effect, and sometimes repress rather than help deserving productions; but as a whole, it no doubt widens the knowledge of literature and nourishes the taste for it. It is not, indeed, certain that literature would be possible to any large extent if there were no heralds to proclaim and no chorus to celebrate it.—*O. B. Bunce*, in *The North American Review*.

MARION CRAWFORD A MONOPOLIST.—'Sant' Ilario' is the fulfilment of a promise given in Mr. Crawford's 'Saracinesca' that he would continue the story in another novel. By some readers the promise was received like a threat, but those who on opening 'Sant' Ilario' find that the threat has not been forgotten will soon have their forebodings dispelled. The sequel is much better than the commencement. The plot is more skillfully concocted, and the interest is sustained to the end. As a story of incident the book leaves little to be desired. . . . Early in the book Mr. Crawford makes a bold claim to a monopoly of knowledge of the Italians:—'I do not hesitate to say that without a single exception, every foreigner, poet or prose-writer, who has treated of these people has more or less grossly misunderstood them. That is a sweeping statement, when it is considered that few men of the highest genius in our century have not at one time or another set down upon paper their several estimates of the Italian race.' The transcendent genius of Mr. Crawford has alone been able to grasp the difficulty. To be sure, he rests his claim in some measure upon opportunities: 'To understand Italians a man must have been born and bred among them.' And, of course, something more than that is requisite—'not genius, but knowledge of the subject,' but that is a mere flourish of modesty.—*The Athenæum*.

JANE AUSTEN'S BOAST.—England has produced women of far larger intellectual capacity and perhaps of greater genius than Jane Austen; but not one, we think, who is better entitled to rank as a classic. She supplies the rare instance of a woman who knew exactly what she could do and who did it perfectly. Her art is as remarkable as her genius, and the exhaustless delight which her stories yield to her admirers is due in a large measure to the writer's clear perception of the limitation of her power. 'I may boast myself to be,' she said, 'with all possible vanity, the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress'; and although of course the words are not to be taken liter-

ally, she probably owed less to the knowledge gained from books than any modern writer of fiction. Originality is Jane Austen's distinguishing feature. Her characters are as much alive as Shakespeare's; her style, wholly devoid of effort or affectation, the construction of her plots, and the delicious humor which pervades her work like an atmosphere, recall no previous writer. It was inevitable that Jane Austen should be included in the biographies of Eminent Women, and that the simple story of her life, which has been well told already, should be repeated a second time. The picture presented of this delightful woman is as charming—and that is saying a great deal—as the best of her own creations. There was nothing of the blue-stocking about Jane; and with the 'advanced female' of our day who forgets her sex upon platforms she would have had no sympathy. The modest girl in the early freshness of her youth and genius shrank even from the small meed of praise awarded to her. During her lifetime her name did not appear on the title-pages of her novels, and two of them were not published until after the author's death. Jane Austen enjoyed to the full the approbation of her own happy home circle; but she wrote neither for money nor for fame, but from pure enjoyment of the work.—*The St. James's Gazette*.

COWPER'S INSULARITY.—Neither his religion, the mainspring of his poetry, nor his two leading ideas, the love of retirement and the love of the country, had much interest for foreigners. And so he has never been much translated, or had in any sense a European reputation. To gain that, a poet must take his stand upon a common ground of universal interest. A philosophical, sentimental, or dramatic poet has a chance, if he be great enough. Shakespeare's vast knowledge of human nature, not to mention his dramatic genius, appeals to all alike. Byron's sentiment, and his fiery revolt against the shams and hypocries of his day, appealed perhaps even more easily to foreigners than to Englishmen. Of all this there was of course nothing in Cowper. But if his leading ideas were a little insular, I do not think we need say, with Mr. Goldwin Smith, that they were false. He says: 'Cowper writes perpetually on the assumption that a life of retirement is more favorable to virtue than a life of action, and that God made the country while man made the town'; and he adds: 'Both parts of the assumption are untrue.' Are they? Is it not a great drawback to a life of virtue among the workingclasses, and indeed among men of business in all classes, that they live so entirely a life of action? Is there no truth in their complaint or excuse, 'I have no time for religion'? Will any one maintain that a growth in spirituality—that is, religion in the best sense of the word—is helped by occupations which crowd out and crush all attempts at the inner life? That is not the teaching of the most deeply religious men. And as for the other assumption which Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks false, that, too, has great poetic truth in it. In a poet's sense—that is, in a very real sense—God did make the country and man the town. The most prosaic person can distinguish between the works of Nature and man, and it did not need Mr. Ruskin to point out the difference between a street in a manufacturing town and a lane among country fields.—*J. C. Bailey, in Macmillan's*.

IS SHUDDERING A LOST ART?—Perhaps it may die out in a positive age—this power of learning to shudder. To us it descends from very long ago, from the far-off forefathers who dreaded the dark, and who, half-starved and all untaught, saw spirits everywhere, and scarce discerned waking experience from dreams. When we are all perfect positivist philosophers, when a thousand generations of nurses that never heard of ghosts have educated the thousand and first generations of children, then the supernatural may fade out of fiction. But has it not grown and increased since Wordsworth wanted 'The Ancient Mariner' to have a profession and a character, since Southey called that poem a Dutch piece of work, since Lamb had to pretend to dislike its 'miracles'? Why, as science becomes more cock-sure, have men and women become more and more fond of old follies, and more pleased with the stirring of ancient dread, within their veins? As the visible world is measured, mapped, tested, weighed, we seem to hope more and more that a world of invisible romance may not be far from us; or, at least, we care more and more to follow fancy into these airy regions, *et inania regna*. The supernatural has not ceased to tempt romancers, like Alexandre Dumas, usually to their destruction; more rarely, as in Mrs. Oliphant's 'Beleaguered City,' to such success as they do not find in the world of daily occupation. The ordinary shilling tales of 'hypnotism' and mesmerism are vulgar trash enough, and yet I can believe that an impossible romance, if the right man wrote it in the right mood, might still win us from the newspapers, and the stories of shabby loves, and cheap remorses,

and commonplace failures. But it needs Heaven-sent moments for this skill.—*Andrew Lang, in The Independent*.

LIVES OF LITERARY LEISURE.—Circumstances made it possible for Edward Fitzgerald to lead what was in its way a very perfect life—the kind of life which is sometimes condemned as a life of literary leisure. He was intimate with the work of the greatest dead authors; he had the living friendship of Thackeray, Carlyle and Tennyson; and he himself produced his version of Omar Khayyam. To think that there are people found to hint that this was not enough for a life! To what end should he have put himself in regular literary harness? Busy writers we have enough and to spare. Read in Mr. Besant's list the names of the gentlemen and ladies respectable in letters fifty years ago. Read in last week's *Athenæum* the multitude of names which have at least emerged from the contemporary European ruck. Was it worth while just to lengthen these lists? Fitzgerald was not one of the strong men whose strength is prolific. He would have gained nothing for himself or the world by mixing his measure of fine wheat with bushels of chaff. . . . Such lives as Edward Fitzgerald's and Henry Bradshaw's will sweeten the record of a bustling and self-assertive generation. Fitzgerald takes years to saturate himself with his Persian poetry, before he produces his book; and when he has produced the book it takes an intimate friend ten years to find it out. Bradshaw piles up infinite stores of rare knowledge, to be ungrudgingly placed at the disposal of any one having need of it, without a thought of proprietary rights, without a shade of anxiety for public acknowledgments. Here is a rebuke and a lesson for a time which prepares the way for its most ephemeral productions with inspired paragraphs, and busies itself with infinite controversy about petty plagiarisms. Such men as Fitzgerald and Bradshaw do much to keep alive the best traditions of unselfish scholarship and true taste.—*The St. James's Gazette*.

SWINBURNE ON HUGO.—At the opening of the second act [of 'Les Jumeaux'] we recognize the terrible gift of pathos which is peculiar to Victor Hugo. No Englishman, remembering Lord Tennyson's 'Rizpah' and Mr. Browning's 'Pompilia,' will deny that England has produced in our own day such examples of passionate and pathetic poetry as were never and will never be excelled; but this example of Hugo's command over the springs of pity and terror is but one among 'numbers numberless' of proofs that no other poet was ever so possessed by the divine passion of indignant sympathy with innocent or unmerited suffering. The horror and the pity of this most piteous and most horrible story are intensified as well as transfigured by the nobility of treatment, the dignity of conception, the magnificence of style, which could make all things endurable if seen by light of so great a mind and so noble a heart as Hugo's.

Le sommeil ne met pas mon âme en liberté.

Dans mes songes jamais un ami ne me nomme.

Shakespeare, Webster, and Hugo are the only three poets in whose works we can reasonably hope to find anything like that. . . . At this very point this great historic and tragic poem was shipwrecked on the obstacle of sudden illness, and sank to rise no more but as the fragment, the waif, the derelict, now stranded, with all its imperfect treasure and all its unaccomplished promise, before our defrauded and disappointed eyes. That it should be so is inexplicable, unaccountable, I had well-nigh added unpardonable. But on that subject I will insist no further. Nor can it now be necessary to dwell on the evidence here so amply supplied that no writer born in the same century can be named in the same breath with Hugo, with Dante, or with Shakespeare. The strength and the sweetness, the power and the purity of his inspiration, are not higher above comparison or competition than the reach of his imaginative thought and the grasp of his dramatic intelligence.—*The Athenæum*.

Notes

CASSELL & Co. published on Friday of last week Max O'Rell's new book, 'Jacques Bonhomme,' a lively description of French manners and customs, to which is added 'John Bull on the Continent' and 'From my Letter-Box.' A copy of the English edition of the book, from which the American is reprinted, was put into the publishers' hands on the previous Monday morning. In the afternoon it was given to the printers at Rahway, N. J. At noon the next day the first form was on the press; twenty-four hours later a complete set of sheets was in Cassell & Co.'s office; and on Friday the book was published. The book abounds in anecdotes, one of them being this:

A private may be able to spell, but a corporal never—such is the deep-rooted belief of all French officers. I was present one day when a cor

poral came to the doctor with one of his men who was unfit for the saddle. The doctor examined him, and found him suffering from rheumatism. The corporal proceeded to fill up the requisite form the man's admission to the nearest military hospital. 'Can you spell *rheumatism*, corporal?' said the doctor. 'I think I can, doctor, thank you,' replied he, saluting. That corporal was Louis Coetloyon, one of the leading journalists of Paris, who had volunteered soon after the outbreak of the war. We had a good laugh over the incident when I told the doctor of his blunder. 'What business has he to be a corporal if he can spell?' exclaimed the surgeon.

—The *Book Buyer* for September prints a capital likeness of Laurence Hutton as its frontispiece, the portrait accompanying a brief biographical sketch of the subject—one of the most industrious of the literary guild, and personally one of the most popular. Miss Dora Wheeler's portrait of Col. John Hay in the current *Literary News* is, so far as likeness goes, the best in the series. *Book News* for September has an excellent portrait of Mr. Warner, apparently from a photograph.

—The next number of *Harper's Weekly* will have an illustrated supplement on 'The Electric Motor Applied to Street Cars,' by Henry L. Nelson. It will also contain a full-page illustration of the proposed site at Inwood for the World's Fair of 1892, and another of the proposed site at Oak and Barretto points on the Sound. Next week's *Bazar* will contain a poem by Will Carleton, entitled 'Twelve O'Clock,' with a full-page illustration by W. A. Rogers.

—*Santa Claus*, the new juvenile journal to be begun in October, has met with a cordial reception from the editors of its juvenile rivals at least. Hezekiah Butterworth of *The Youth's Companion* furnishes its Christmas short story, Tudor Jenks of *St. Nicholas* has an article in its initial number, and Charles Stuart Pratt of *Wide Awake* contributes a short serial for very little folks, to run in early numbers.

—Mrs. Oliphant's 'Royal Edinburgh,' a companion to her 'Makers of Venice' and 'Makers of Florence,' is one of the illustrated books to be published this fall by Macmillan & Co.

—The Normal College of this city is connected with literature through two of our younger writers, both women. Miss Helen Gray Cone, the poet, is at present an instructor in the department of English Literature and History; and Mrs. Margaret Deland, author of 'John Ward, Preacher,' formerly taught drawing within its walls.

—The Shah, it is said, is to write his memoirs, including notes on his late tour, and *Figaro* is to publish them *en feuilleton*. The work will be 'carefully translated and elucidated' before being submitted to the Parisian public.

—Mr. John Bigelow, whose name is inseparably connected with Franklin's, is to edit the autobiography again, this time for issue in the Putnam's Knickerbocker Nuggets Series.

—Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop's comedy, 'A Gold Mine,' began its tour of America last Monday at Toronto with Mr. Nat Goodwin as Silas K. Woolcot. 'On Probation,' a new and original comedy by the same authors, will be produced by W. H. Crane at Chicago on Sept. 16. Messrs. Matthews and Jessop are at work on an American play for the stock company of the Lyceum Theatre.

—The Council of the Archaeological Institute of America is making a vigorous effort to raise money for the excavation of the site of Delphi. The Greek Government has offered to concede the privilege to the Institute, provided a sufficient sum be raised by Dec. 1 to expropriate the village of Kastri, which now occupies the site of the ancient city. That sum is estimated to be \$80,000 and it is earnestly to be hoped that the splendid opportunity which presents itself to American classical archaeologists will not be lost from any lack of liberality on the part of our wealthy citizens.

—George A. Leavitt & Co. will begin the regular Fall Trade Sale on Sept. 17.

—The Tiltotson Syndicate already announce for publication in 1890 novels by Thomas Hardy, David Christie Murray, William Black, Mrs. Oliphant, Geo. Manville Fenn, Justin McCarthy, G. R. Sims, Adeline Sergeant, W. Clark Russell and G. A. Henty. Experience has convinced its managers that the present call for erotic and trashy fiction will be transient, and that the public will always revert to clean and 'human' literature as a steady diet. The number of really good writers of fiction, they claim, is not nearly equal to the demand; for a serial or complete tale is now a *sine qua non* of the average Sunday or weekly paper. Novelettes or short tales are increasingly popular for newspaper use, but it is difficult to get first-rate authors to furnish them. Editors, too, find their work greatly increased by the search for short tales, and the indications are said to be in favor of a renewed popularity for the serial novel.

—Chas. Scribner's Sons will issue about the middle of the month a work entitled 'Whither? A Theological Question for the Times,' by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs; also 'Foreign Missions: Their Place in the Pastorate, in Prayer, in Conferences,' by the Rev. Dr. Augustus C. Thompson, author of 'Moravian Missions.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'Benjamin Franklin,' by John T. Morse, Jr.; 'Two Coronets: A Novel,' by Mary Agnes Tincker; 'Recollections of Mississippi,' by the Hon. Reuben Davis; 'Literary Landmarks,' by Mary E. Burt; and Part IV. of 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads,' edited by Prof. Francis J. Child.

—Richard Malcolm Johnston will receive a legacy of \$2000 by the will of the late John W. McCoy of Baltimore. The testator's library goes to Johns Hopkins University, and his gallery of paintings and statuary to the Peabody Institute. The University is the residuary legatee, and will receive about \$100,000.

—Lee & Shepard have just issued 'Every-Day Business,' by M. S. Emery; 'Speaking Pieces,' by Ellen O. Black; and 'Observation Lessons in the Primary Schools,' by Louisa P. Hopkins. They announce also 'Pens and Types,' entirely rewritten by Benjamin Drew; and 'Within the Enemy's Lines,' the second volume in the Blue and the Gray Series of Oliver Optic's stories.

—At a sale in London last month the original MS. of the third, fourth and fifth volumes of Beaconsfield's 'Vivian Grey' and of his 'Capt. Popenilla's Voyage' were bought for 21*l.* each. The MSS. of five poems of Burns—'On the Death of Sir J. H. Blair,' 'Epitaph on a Friend,' 'The Humble Petition of Bruar Water to the Noble Duke of Athole,' 'On Reading in a Newspaper of the Death of J. M'Leod, Esq.,' and the 'Epistle to Mr. M'Adam of Craigengillan'—brought 35*l.* The first edition of Byron's rare 'Waltz' of 1813 was bought not long ago by a London bookseller for \$250.

—'Sister Emma,' a trained nurse—one of those brave and good women who devote their lives to the sick,—had the good fortune lately to attend Lord Tennyson; the result being that a neat little volume of her recollections has just appeared in London over the imprint of the Laureate's publishers, Macmillan & Co.

—Prof. F. T. Palgrave of Oxford, of 'Golden Treasury' fame, has completed the 'Treasury of English Sacred Lyrical Poetry,' with the formation of which he was entrusted by the Clarendon Press. The selection is arranged in three books, and short biographical notes of the writers (except the best known or those still living) have been added.

—At Tuesday's session of the American Association for the advancement of Science, at Toronto, the following officers for the ensuing year were unanimously elected:—President, George L. Goodall, Cambridge, Mass.; Vice-President, S. C. Chandler, Cambridge, Mass., mathematics and astronomy; Cleveland Abbe of Washington, physics; R. B. Warder, Washington, chemistry; James E. Denton, Hoboken, N. J., mathematical science and engineering; John S. Brauner, Little Rock, Ark., geology and geography; C. S. Minot, Boston, biology; Frank Baker, Washington, anthropology; J. R. Dodge, Washington, economic science and statistics; Permanent Secretary, F. W. Putnam, Cambridge, Mass.; Gen. Secretary, H. C. Bolton, New York; Secretary of Council, James Landon, Toronto; Treasurer, William Tilly, Mauch Chunk, Penn. The Association will meet next year at Indianapolis on the third Wednesday in August.

—The Railway Series, which has been an important feature of *Scribner's* for many months, is to be published in book form this fall. New matter will be added, and it will abound in illustrations. Frank R. Stockton's narrative of his experiences in seeing the sights of the Old World, 'Personally Conducted,' with illustrations by Joseph Pennell, Alfred Parsons and others, will be one of the Scribners' holiday books. The same house announces 'A Collection of Letters of Dickens, 1833-1870,' compiled from already published materials, and bound in uniform style with the recently-published Thackeray letters.

—A man-of-letters whose name was a household word but concerning whose personality the public knew nothing at all, was the late Samuel Austin Allibone, LL.D., who died last Monday at Luzerne, Switzerland, whither he had gone but a few months since in quest of health. He was born in Philadelphia on April 17, 1816, and liberally educated. Although his pursuits were mercantile his tastes were literary, and his monumental work, the 'Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors,' was undertaken in his leisure hours; it soon, however, monopolized his time. The last of the three large volumes appeared in 1871, and the work has taken its position as a standard book of reference. Dr. Allibone was at one time the book editor and Corresponding Secretary of the American Sunday-school Union. Besides his *magnum*

opus he published an 'Alphabetical Index to the New Testament,' a 'Dictionary of Poetical Quotations' (1873), a 'Dictionary of Prose Quotations' (1875), and 'Great Authors of All Ages' (1879). When the Lenox Library was opened in this city ten years ago, Dr. Allibone became its Librarian. Messrs. Lippincott intend to publish next year a fourth volume of Allibone's 'Dictionary of English Literature,' which will bring the information given down to a recent date.

—Messrs. Routledge have on their fall list two of Daudet's books, both illustrated in the fashion of their predecessors—'Artists' Wives' and 'Jack.' They publish also a new edition of Dr. Amelia B. Edwards's illustrated narrative of a trip in the Tyrol—'Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys.'

—Among the books which Messrs. Putnam have ready for immediate publication are 'Korean Tales,' compiled and translated by Horace N. Allen, Secretary of the Legation of Korea; 'Christian Theism: Its Claims and Sanctions,' by Prof. D. B. Purinton, of the West Virginia University; and, in the Story of the Nations Series, 'The Story of the Hanse Towns,' by Helen Zimmern. 'The Story of Boston,' by Arthur Gilman, in the Great Cities of the Republic Series, will appear this month.

—'Jacob and Japheth, or Bible Growth to Religion from Abraham to Daniel,' by the author of 'God in Creation,' is announced by Mr. Whittaker.

—William Morris will issue this autumn a romance to be called 'The Roots of the Mountains.' It is principally in prose, has no historical foundation or didactic purpose, and will include some songs. An *édition de luxe*, issued by Reeves & Turner, will consist of 250 copies on Whatman paper.

—Mr. Browning expects to have ready in October a new volume containing thirty poems, long and short. A short biography of Mr. Browning, containing an etched portrait and a facsimile of the poet's handwriting, will appear presently in Messrs. Virtue & Co.'s Celebrities Series. Smith & Elder are to issue the poems of Mrs. Browning in style uniform with their new edition of her husband's works—the edition which in this country is supplied by Macmillan & Co.

—Scribner & Welford announce a translation by John Addington Symonds of 'The Memoir of Count Carlo Gozzi,' with essays on Italian impromptu comedy, Gozzi's life, the dramatic fables, and Pietro Loughi. The work is to have a portrait, six etchings by Lalauze, and other illustrations. The same house promises three new books by George A. Henty: 'With Lee in Virginia: A Story of the American Civil War'; 'By Pike and Dike: A Tale of the Rise of the Dutch Republic'; and 'One of the 28th: A Story of Waterloo.' Each volume has numerous maps and illustrations.

—Mrs. Norton, an American, has written a book called 'In and Around Berlin,' and A. C. McClurg & Co. will shortly publish it.

—Mr. Frank P. Hill, Librarian of the Free Public Library of Newark, N. J., has written to Mayor Grant suggesting that an historical exhibit of the growth and management of libraries be made a part of the great fair. He says very truly:—'Thirteen years have seen marvelous improvements in the management and equipment of libraries; and the history of this work, as shown by books, forms, and other aids, is an interesting phase of educational development.'

—Mr. Nicholas, a tobacconist and news-agent in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London, whose little shop has been pulled down during the past few weeks, has been interviewed by a correspondent of *The Pall Mall* on three of the old Chelsea celebrities—Turner, Kingsley and Carlyle. Of the last of these he said:

'The people about here did not pay much attention to him; but a good many persons, mostly Scotchmen, used to come down here. . . . There was a young fellow, a clerk in Glasgow, who came in his holiday (it was only a few days), and waited about here till he saw the old man with his slouch hat and big cloak and long stick come out leaning on his niece's arm.' 'At what time did Mr. Carlyle generally come out?' 'Only in the morning about nine or ten o'clock, with his niece; and about midnight, alone, when it was fine. He went on to the old bridge, generally. I have seen him often when I have been coming home from Battersea late. The old bridge used to be very lonely then. He would stay there for an hour together, leaning on the rail in one of the recesses of the bridge, always on the side next town. He never spoke then.' . . . Anyone who knows the stillness and beauty of the scene, unsurpassed, perhaps, in the world, can understand its attraction for Carlyle: the quaint old bridge, getting decrepit with its more than a century of resistance to the buffeting of the river craft, and the wear and tear of the strong ebb and stronger flow of the river beneath; the dark blue sky above, starlit; a world asleep on either bank; silence around and peace. 'I expects he was a' thinkin', said Mr. Nicholas.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1484.—Does anyone know of an American poetess named Jane Gilman, and where her poem, 'The Flowers are Blooming Everywhere,' can be obtained?

NEW YORK CITY.

B. B.

[We have never heard of any 'poetess' by the name of Gilman save Caroline Howard. We have looked in all our anthologies for the poem, but do not find it. Perhaps the poem is a song, and could be found at the music dealers'.]

1485.—Is Fairfax's translation of Tasso, 'the finest translation in the English language,' in print? If not, can any of your readers tell me where I can pick up a copy, preferably of Wiley & Putnam's edition in two small volumes, published at 50cts. each?

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY, CAL.

A.

1486.—Many readers would be pleased if you would give the derivation of the word 'Uchiemach,' the name adopted by a society of ladies in this neighborhood.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

W. A. T.

1487.—For what occasion were the following lines written? and are they correctly attribute to Moore?

The wealthy of Rome, in their banquet of old,
Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of gold;
Here's a health to our guest; may God bless him.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

E. W. L.

1488.—In what poems of Dean Stanley's do the following lines occur? 1. 'Where is the Christian's fatherland?' 2. 'That wondrous babe of Galilee.' 3. 'Fond theme of David's harp and song.' 4. And where are the poems themselves to be had?

NEW YORK.

M. D. F.

1489.—1. Is there any translation of Tasso's 'Aminta' and 'Jerusalem Delivered' that is both accurate and poetic? 2. Are there any compends of Italian and Spanish literature as good as Stopford Brooke's 'Primer of English Literature' and Saintsbury's 'French Literature' in Harper's Half-Hour Series. If there are no such compends where can I find an outline of each literature which will give essentials in a good style? I know Sismondi, of course; but with all respect he is 'wordy'; and Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe.'

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

L. A. B.

[1. Fairfax's 'Jerusalem' is old but good. 2. We know of none as good as Brooke's. A collection of essays by Miss Catherine M. Philimore, on the older Italian poets more particularly, has recently been reprinted from the British reviews. 'Studies in Italian Literature, Classical and Modern,' it is called, and Scribner & Welford republish it here at \$2.40. For the Renaissance and along there, Symonds (Henry Holt & Co.) is indispensable. Mr. Howells's valuable studies are devoted to the 'Modern Italian Poets.' (\$2, Harper & Bros.) Mrs. Helen S. Conant is the author of a good 'Primer of Spanish Literature.' (25 cts., Harper & Bros.)]

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Adams, H. B. Proceedings of the American Historical Association, Dec. 26-28, 1888.	\$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Alexander, Mrs. A Crooked Path.		Rand, McNally & Co.
Alexander, Wm. Epistles of St. John.		A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Ayers, J. H. Every Man his Own Doctor.		G. W. Dillingham.
Crawford, Cora H. The Land of the Montezumas.		J. B. Alden.
Daniell, M. G. Exercises in Latin. Prose Composition. Part I.		Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
Dostoyeffsky, F. M. Crime and Punishment.	50c.	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
French, J. H. Form Study and Drawing in the Common Schools.		University Place.
Gagnebin, Mme. A Happy Find. Tr. by E. V. Lee.	50c.	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Heimburg, W. Lora: The Major's Daughter.	75c.	Worthington Co.
Hooper, C. L. A Cloverdale Skeleton.		J. B. Alden.
In the Presence, and Other Verses. By author of Thine Forever.	90c.	T. Whittaker.
Jones, M. P. Rebekah: A Tale of Three Cities.		J. B. Alden.
Lockwood, Ingersoll. A Lawyer's Dents.	50c.	G. W. Dillingham.
Lucas, Francis. Sketches of Rural Life, and Other Poems.	\$1.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Morgan, Horace H. English and American Literature.	\$1.	Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
O'Reill, Max. Jacques Bonhomme.	50c.	Cassell & Co.
Russell, W. Clark. Marooned.		Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Smith, Laura A. Through Romany Scotland.	\$1.50.	Macmillan & Co.
The New Litany.		G. W. Dillingham.